

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 19.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1803.

WHOLE NO. 758.

REGULAR INSTANCE OF HOSPITALITY.

A REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

A FRENCH refugee, at Brussels, was surprised that city by the French troops in their victory after the battle of Fleuris. Dreading he made a prisoner, he fled. A young girl, an stranger to him, who was sitting before a ar, observing the terror and distraction of his and countenance, seized him by the arm— "ay!" she cried, "you are lost if you go for—" "And I am lost if I return," he answered, "then enter here," said the generous girl, "and saved."

The Frenchman accepted her offer. His host informed him she was niece to the sexton of a neighboring church; that it was her uncle's life in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so generous a rite of hospitality had he been at home; and she hastened to conceal him in an out-house, where she expected to leave him in security. Scarcely was it dark when some French soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the French stranger, the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme danger, and desired him to follow her. Their movement awakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that the refugee, crying out, "Who goes there?" the girl dexterously placed herself between them. "It is only me, who am come to seek—" "Fortunately she had no occasion to say word more: the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his captive. She conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find, they entered a chapel which the ravages of war had despoiled of its ornaments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance of which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scarcely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an opportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp; he descended into this melancholy abode, and the closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when, examining this dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family, which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions: the second fought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty; yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his sufferings, his terror, and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life; at others he accused her of forgetting him: in either case he saw himself doomed to a death a thousand times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length ex-

hausted with fruitless efforts, with agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawings of hunger, he sank into insensibility upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benefactress, who called him from the chapel. Overwhelmed with joy as with weakness, he has not the power to answer—She believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door the unfortunate man feels his powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily the niece of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door, and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explained the causes of her long delay, assuring him that she had now taken such precautions, that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled, she quitted him; but had scarcely proceeded some steps when she heard the doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men entering. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to silence. The persons who now filled the church were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an emigrant the sexton was suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his niece had incurred, and proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each foot-step sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrance of the vault however remained unobserved, the noise by degrees died away, and when the niece of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the doors of the church shut, and every one gone. She again assured the refugee of her steadfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with provisions; and the instant a favorable moment arrived for his escape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterranean abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb, he gained the country; and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and affections taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.

MURDER.

SOME years ago there lived at Brompton (England) a woman whose profession was that of taking off their parent's hands the children of an unauthorized passion. Her name was Sarah Welland.

The people of intrigue knew the name of this person familiarly; her profits were considerable. Her custom was to receive the devoted infant from a third person, without asking any questions; she took with it a certain price for the maintenance

and care of it for life; and neither the parents nor the parish were any more to hear of it. What must be their hearts who could deliver up their children to this certain destruction! The exposing infants among the old Romans, against which we so much exclaim, was less criminal. The child there might escape; but in this case the very bargain sold its blood. Parents, who themselves felt no compassion or humanity, could not suppose there would be either in a stranger; and as the whole price was paid at once, the sooner the infant perished the greater was the profit; it were happy there were at the present time no murderers of this stamp, for there will never want unnatural parents. The late miserable son of the Earl of Rivers is but one instance among thousands, that when a person is deprived of the common benefits of society, and devoted to everlasting shame by the particular circumstances of his birth, his parents are his implacable enemies.

One child that entered the bloody walls of Welland escaped, for herself died that evening. The smiling innocence of the little victim pleaded even with those who had perhaps before been the instruments of her barbarity; they had no interest in its death, and they carried it to those who at that time had the care of the poor. The deserted infant was taken from house to house, and begging supported it till there should be a change. The careful overseer postponed a fortnight that which should come on the day following, that the parish might have a chance to be freed from the incumbrance—but this little wretch was to live. The nameless infant had escaped the only hands from which it could fail to meet compassion; its throat bled with a wound inflicted by the hand of its father, but not mortal. All were charmed with it, and all struck with commiseration. Those who had no fortunes declared, that were they rich they would adopt it; but such as had the power found the inclination less fervent; even they, however, contributed their shillings. The velvety met at length, and the child was living; the officers took it into their care, and the world heard no more of it. Pity is a short lived virtue; the incident was soon forgotten; and if any thought upon it, they probably supposed it devoted to destruction.

Nine years after this, one Frazer, a man of humanity and honor, saw a boy naked upon one of the most barren of his mountains. He was sitting, his eyes were swimming in sorrow, though no tear had fallen from them. They were turned up to Heaven with resignation, but with almost a spirit of upbraiding, and in his hand was a root of graft—his food.

The master of the place touched with compassion, ordered him to his house; he put him in the habit of the Highlands, employed him in his service, and he was called Frazer. He was asked how he came thither, and how he became so miserable, but could make but little answer; he knew nothing of father or mother, nor friend, nor place of birth. His first remembrance was of an ancient woman, with whom he had lived in a cabin; her death had sent him from one to another of the Highlanders; and at last the loss of his only remaining friend had left him perfectly destitute. His master found in the boy as he grew up sense and spirit, and the most perfect gratitude;

he took him from the meaner services, and had him near his person. Few saw him, but all who did said they perceived something in him very singular. His behavior was modest, but his understanding was above his years; he had been near twenty years in the service of his father (more than matter) when the last rebellion broke out in Scotland; his father took the wrong side and there was no question of Fraser following. He was in the two actions that were successful, and had so distinguished himself in both, that he was marked for particular favor. In the last his hand was not less active, but he fought against the Duke of Cumberland. A single arm could not command success in opposition to so much conduct, joined with so much resolution. He fled among the rouged Highlanders, and in an hour was in a place of safety; a retreat, where neither friend could be likely to find nor enemy to reach him—where he could neither be forced nor betrayed. In this place, he was leaning upon his sword and resting against a tree, he saw two persons enter hastily, the one an old man flying, the other a young man in pursuit of him. What astonished the warrior was, that they appeared of the victorious party. He stood a moment expecting they would fall together upon him; but they regarded none except each other. The old man, finding his feet would not give him security, turned upon the pursuer, and put himself in a posture of defence. Fraser was too much a hero to look upon an unequal encounter. As the old man was on the brink of delirium, he fell in between. "I know nothing of your quarrel, said he to the younger, but let me dispute in his place. He is not a match for your youth and vigor." No more words passed; the old man stood aside, and his champion conquered.

The person whom he had saved made him all possible acknowledgements. He told him, that he would return the obligation by preserving him; he proposed taking him back in the evening, and changing his dress; and promised to adopt him as his son. He concluded with extolling his gallantry in the highest terms, and with observing, it was a pity a person of so much honor should be a rebel. Fraser answered him thus: "The Scots do not fight against their King because they are disloyal, but because they are commanded by those they love. Their Lords have a right to their duty; and they are taught from infants to believe that their duty is obedience there."—He paused, and wiped away a tear, and continued, "None had so much right to that compliance as mine; nor could I have accepted of your proposed friendship, but that I saw him fall. Now I am free; and if you will receive a friendless orphan into your protection, I will be as faithful to you as I have been to him."

The person he had preserved was moved extremely with his speech; there was something in the manner more than the words that charmed him; he kissed him, took him back with him, changed his habit, and brought him to England, where his interest obtained a pardon. Fraser lived with this man of honor as a son; the family consisted of themselves and a daughter, a lady of forty-seven not more distinguished by her amiable temper than by an air of melancholy which never forsook her countenance. The father often told her the story of his rescue. "The wretch, said he, who dishonored you, fought my life for the resentment I had shown against his barbarity; what I have said (continued he to Fraser) must reach no other ear, but you are as a son; this is the cause of that lady's melancholy; she was deluded under an engagement of marriage; she had a child, whom the abandoned creature caused to be destroyed, and he would have now added my murder to that of his son's, had not you prevented it, because not many years since I fought to bring him to justice. How long revenge will live in bad men's minds!"

As they spoke together upon this subject, they compassionated the infant. Fraser was strangely moved with the recital. "Perhaps, said he, if my memory would reach my infant years, some such fate was mine." He repeated on this occasion the strange obscurity of his birth, and shewed a scar upon his throat, which, he added, some inhuman hand had given before the time of his earliest memory.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUM.

WHEN Henry the IVth of France was struggling for his crown and the contention of conflicting parties, he pursued a conduct, and was actuated by motives evincive of real greatness. Embarrassed in his operation, by the violent animosities that subsisted between his protestant and catholic subjects, the event became extremely doubtful. The duke de Sully advised him at this critical juncture of his affairs, to adhere to the protestant interest, dismiss the catholics of his army, and rely for success on the efforts of a select party. Henry's reply to this proposition was every way worthy of his sound principles and excellent disposition. It is not, said he, the crown of France but the hearts of the people I wish to secure.

MONODY.

NEAR where yon streamlet slowly finds
With pebbly noise its silver way,
And where his horn the beetle winds
To swell the dirge of closing day;
While many a flower of earliest spring,
Round the light greenward bending creeps,
And many an insect's glossy wing
Slow circles o'er the humming sleeps:
There rests the hamlet's native pride,
The faded maid that deck'd its green,
In soul to heaven alone allied,
In form a grace, a love in me.
Oh! she was gentle as the air,
Which plays on summer's tranquil breast;
A heart so kind to every care,
Warms but the tender turtle's nest.
Her voice was softer than the lyre,
That flees each echo from the breeze;
Her eye the blue with challenge'd fire,
That wins us, ere it seems to please.
Oft, when the wild gust shook the leaf,
Her pipe in mellow tones would pour,
So soft, so sad, its touching grief;—
So soft, so sad, it swells no more!
No more, as wont, at vernal wake
With merry steps they dance the hays,
But sighs from every bosom break
For her, who blest their youthful days.
So, while at eve the hoary swain
Recounts the tale to infant ears,
They seek the grave of lovely JANZ,
And turn their ready sports to tears.
Oft too the village nymphs repair
In dumb distress to kneel and weep,
To strew the rue and primrose there,
Or hymn her gentle spirit to sleep.
Pause then—on yonder hallow'd spot,
And give her worth a parting sigh;
So may thy grave ne'er be forgot,
When the lone pilgrim passes by.

MAY SONG.

FROM MATTHEWSON.

JOY, and Love, awakes the peasant
Lead the dance, the chorus lead;
May bedecks the conscious bower,
Flora paints the verdant mead,
Deep in yon fragrant dale,
Am'rous warblings glad the grove;
There as evening shade advances,
Meets the youth his plighted love.
Gay assembly, ball and op'ra,
Charm the city youth and maid;
Shepherd's court the vernal zephyrus:
Shepherds haunt the bow'ry shade.
Crown the cup with new blown roses,
Lift as waves the whistling pine;
Seek the woodland's inmost shelter,
Near the mossy fount recline.
Crop the flow'ret, cull the posy,
Garlands wreath for beauty's hair;
Dance where hawthorns scatter odours,
Hail the twilight pair and pair.
Now the nightingale's kiss is rapt;
Now attend the raptur'd lay!
Gaily seize life's fleeting treasure;
May and youth soon haste away!

EPITAPH.

BY A DAUGHTER.

AH! shade rever'd! this frail memorial take,
'Tis all, alas! thy sorrowing child can make,
On this faint stone to mark thy parent worth,
And claim the spot that holds thy faintest earth!
This clay-cold shrine—the corpse enshrouded here,
This holy hillock bath'd with many a tear,
These kindred flowers that on thy bosom grow,
Fed by the sacred dust that sleeps below;
E'en these rude brambles that embrace thy head,
And this green sod that forms thy sacred bed,
Are richer, dearer, to this filial heart,
Than all the monuments of proudest art;
Yet, yet a little, and thy child shall come,
To join a mother in this humble tomb;
This only spot, of all the world is mine,
And soon my dust, sweet saint, shall sleep with thine.

FILIAL PIETY.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death as a punishment for certain offences committed by him, the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or impeachment. His son, a youth of about eighteen years of age, was a sooner apprized of the predicament to which the wretched author of his being was reduced, than he flew to the Judge who had pronounced the fatal decree, and, throwing himself at his feet, prayed that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he adored, and whose loss, he declared, it was impossible for him to survive.

The Magistrate was thunderstruck at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and could hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied, however, that the young man actually wished for nothing more ardently than to save his father's life, at the expense of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the King, and the consequence was that his Majesty immediately dispatched back the courier, with orders to grant a free pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honor on the incomparable son.

This last mark of royal favor, however, the youth begged leave with all humanity to decline; and the motive for his refusal of it was not less noble than the conduct which he had deserved it, was generous and disinterested.

"Of what avail," exclaimed he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family already is by the dust—Alas! would it not serve but as a monument to perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the dreadful remembrance of an unhappy father's name!"

His Majesty actually shed tears when this magnanimous speech was reported to him; and, sending for the heroic youth to Court, he appointed him directly to the office of his private, confidential Secretary.

STAGE COACH COURTSHIP.

The following singular circumstance has occurred since the commencement of the present year:—

A gentleman in Leeds being called by business to Sheffield, stepped into a stage coach at Barnsley, where he accidentally met with a Lady, a perfect stranger to him. Before they arrived at their destination, however, he made such good use of his time on the complying fair as to become his wedded wife. A licence was procured, and the voices of Hymen presented themselves before his shrine. The ceremony being over, the enamoured pair returned to Leeds, and slept the first night as man and wife. In the morning the lady was introduced to her husband's house, where she had not been long before another lady appeared, at her heels four fine chubby children; some embarrassment necessarily arose, and it was not lessened when the wives explained their mutual claims upon this all-conquering Adonis; who it seems had either totally forgotten when he left home, that he had already a pretty numerous domestic establishment, or had a wish to enjoy matrimony's heaven by anticipation. [Lond. pap.]

TEMERITY.

PRINCE MAURICE, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty-four prisoners, one of which was G. Hallswood an Englishman. The prince ordered one of them to be hanged, to retaliate a like sentence passed by Arch Duke Albert upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman who had good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest horror when it came to his turn to put his hand to the helmet, offered for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called fool-hardy for presumptuously tempting his fate, he said, he thought of it prudently; for, as he daily hazarded his life for his pence, he must have made a good bargain in venturing for twelve crowns.

AFFECTATION.

PHILIP II. had this fault, at least on a certain occasion that a Spanish author reproaches him with. He complained that his father kept from him the government and revenues of the kingdom of Naples and the Duchy of Milan which troubled Charles V. to such a degree, that it hurried his renunciation. But then Philip put on an air of wisdom and modesty; made some difficulty of accepting his father's total abdication; said, that he only took upon the weight of the crown to prolong his days; and that had it not been for that consideration, he would still have refused it out of a conviction of his insufficiency, to be so great a burden with success.

DAWN.

A SONNET.

OW fades from view the modest queen of night,
 Just as the reddening east, with glimmering ray,
 Points out the first approach of welcome day,
 And fingers Ether with a doubtful light--
 The opening dawn each moment grows more bright,
 O'er every object gleams of radiance play,
 Till the sun rises, and the landscape gay
 With sparkling waters bursts upon the sight.
 So on the distant future's faintest verge,
 A mind a speck of promise'd bliss descends,
 A while, unborne on fancy's flattering surge,
 The doubtful prospect mocks the straining eyes,
 Till truth shall from the lap of doubt emerge,
 And strong conviction in full splendor rise.

ANECDOTE.

A Coxcombical chap, who wished to be thought wife,
 One day pretending to have his recollection on the stretch
 to remember some occurrence, struck his forehead several
 times with his hand.--A young lady present, told him it
 was unnecessary to knock, for there was nobody within.

A high authority tells us, that women should wear
 their hair long, in token of subjection to their husbands.
 The French ladies divide theirs in the middle on the fore-
 head; as much as if they would say, the one part for a
 husband, and the other for a lover. [Lond. pap.]

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, May 7, 1803.

The sloop *Susannah*, capt. Morgan, arrived at Philadel-
 phia on Saturday in 28 days from New Orleans. Capt.
 Morgan informs that the French Prefect had arrived at New-
 Orleans a few days previous to his sailing, and was receiv-
 ing with great honors--the garrison fired a Royal Salute
 on his landing. It was the general belief that the Prefect
 would not enter upon the duties of his appointment until
 the arrival of the French troops, and that his excellency the
 Comte De Cava. Calca was momentarily expected from Ha-
 vana to deliver the place up in form to the French Go-
 vernment.

From the Boston Centinel, April 30.

Last evening letters were received from Portsmouth, da-
 ted yesterday, announcing the arrival there of the ship *Ven-
 uer*. Capt. Bofworth, in 35 days from Liverpool; who
 brings advices, that on the 23d March, on the river, he was
 boarded by a Lieutenant of a Man of War, who informed
 him the Declaration of War against France had that day
 been received in Liverpool from the Admiralty.

Extract of a letter from a respectable house in Bordeaux,
 to a gentleman in this town, dated March 26.

"There has been for a few days past, serious appear-
 ance of an immediate War, between this Country and Eng-
 land. How the business will terminate is not yet known.
 It is however worthy of note, that Bonaparte observed
 lately to Mr. Livingston, that if such an event should take
 place, the peace of America would not be disturbed on the
 part of France. This is reported, and I believe upon good
 authority."

The following account of the number of deaths in the
 different cities, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, dur-
 ing the distressing calamity that pervaded that province
 from the beginning of August, 1800, until the beginning
 of December following, is taken from the private journal
 of an intelligent officer on board the United States ship
President, commodore Dale, during the cruise of the Squad-
 ron in the Mediterranean sea.

Cadix,	14 000
Xeres,	16 000
Seville,	30 000
Ile de Leon,	3,000
Port St. Mary,	4,000
Puerto Real,	1,500
Chickiana,	1,000
St. Lucar,	1,500
Rota,	1,000
Maron,	800
Las Cavnas,	600

With a few other small towns in the interior, making
 the number of deaths at the lowest computation, 110,000.

FEMALE CONVICTS.

The garrison is dropped down to St. Helena. She has 170
 female convicts for Botany-Bay, 27 of whom are not yet
 20 years of age. [Lond. pap.]

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO COMMIT MURDER.

On Sunday the 17th ult. a duel was fought in Halifax
 county, Virginia, between Mr. Duncan Cameron and Mr.
 Duffy, attorneys at law, both residing at Hillsbury, North-
 Carolina. Mr. Cameron received a slight wound in the
 breast from which he experienced no inconvenience--but
 the wound Mr. Duffy received was more injurious, the
 ball having passed through his hip, and it was supposed it
 would be a considerable time before he would recover.
 The cause of the duel arose, we understand, from a long
 existing animosity between them, the ultimate issue of
 which not proving satisfactory to Mr. Duffy, he gave the
 challenge.

A COMFORTABLE NAP.

A letter from Copenhagen, dated the 12th February,
 mentions, that there was then in the hospital of that city,
 a woman who had slept eleven weeks without interruption.
 Some attempts have been made to awake her from this
 trance by violently shaking her; while the motion lasts, it
 seems to revive her; but as soon as it is discontinued, she
 immediately relapses into a profound and death like sleep.
 During this period, she has not received any food, nor
 withstanding which there was not the least alteration in her
 appearance. She is only twenty eight years of age, but
 remarkably corpulent.

BALTIMORE, APRIL 29.

Yesterday about one o'clock, the body of Adam Way-
 bell was found about four and a half miles from this city
 on the Southern road.--When it was discovered it exhib-
 ited the most shocking spectacle that can possibly be con-
 ceived; it was stripped of all wearing apparel and lying
 exposed in an old sand or coal pit--the body had
 picked almost all the flesh from the legs, thighs &c. and
 the features were scarcely distinguishable, being turned
 quite black from the sun--The coroner summoned a jury,
 who went to hold an inquest on the remains. From every
 circumstance relative to the disappearance of the deceased
 scarcely a doubt remains of his being robbed and murder-
 ed--It is sincerely hoped the perpetrators of such an atro-
 cious act, will be speedily brought to condign punishment.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

A letter from Middleburgh, dated February 18, has the
 following particulars:--The late wreck of a vessel off here
 called *De Vrienschip*, gave birth to a deed of courage and
 patriotism of record. The wind and waves drove her,
 on the 16th, nearer to the shore. Preparations had, indeed
 been made to save the crew and cargo, but no one seemed
 to be inclined to venture on the work, till one Gerrit Janz
 Bunker, master of a vessel which had been damaged, and
 John Meets, a freeman of Flushing, repaired to the strand,
 opposite the wrecked ship; and, as the only means of get-
 ting on board, these two men stripped themselves quite na-
 ked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and swam
 between the pieces of ice, which obstructed their progress,
 till with great pains they got on board; where they be-
 held a most heart piercing scene. The enormous proceed-
 ings of the preceding night, had filled the vessel with
 water, and constrained the people to seek their safety on
 the open deck, where they were momentarily in danger of
 being washed overboard by the waves and pieces of ice
 which rolled over her sides--The captain, a little boy his
 son, and a sailor, overcome by cold and fatigue were found
 huddled, huddled together by the mizen mast, the un-
 happy father, as it were still pressing to his breast the clay-
 cold body of his child, where he had probably cherished
 him as long as his strength would permit. Three others a
 man, a pilot, and a sailor boy, lay in a pitiable state on the
 top of the cabin, where they would also shortly have breath-
 ed their last, but for the courage and humanity of their de-
 liverers, who, fastening two of them on their backs, swam
 to the shore, and returned for the third, all of whom were
 by proper applications, restored to the use of their facul-
 ties."

BANK NOTE.

Found in Vefey-street, early on Thursday morning last,
 a BANK NOTE.--he owner may have it on paying for
 this advertisement--apply to the printer. April 23.

E WOOLFENDALE.

Milliner and Mantua-maker, removed from No. 169
 Water-street, to No. 154 Broadway. Four girls of good
 characters, wanted to learn the trade. May 7. 5

Mrs. WATSON.

Has removed from No. 114 Broadway, to No. 18 Dey
 street, where she has on hand a large assortment of trade-
 made linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets,
 Cravats, elegant embroidered Shirts and Sprockers, Ladies
 Shirt Handkerchiefs embroidered, Childbed linen, &c.
 May 7. 5w

COURT OF HYMEN.

FAIR Spring advancing calls her sea herded choir,
 And tuns to lilt notes her laughing lyre;
 But her gay hours on purple pinions move,
 And arms her Zephyrs with the shafts of love.

MARRIED.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wall, Mr. ROBERT
 W. DAVIES, to Miss SARAH HUSTIS, both of this city.

On Saturday evening the 23d ult. by the Rev. D. Kom-
 zie, Mr. WM. HAVEMEYER, to Miss SUSANNAH CLARK,
 both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. DA-
 VID A. CUMMING, merchant, of this city, to Miss RUTH
 MAJOR, daughter of the late Mr. George Hamer.

At Derby, (Conn) on the 25th ult. CAMERON THOMAS
 VOSE, of this city, to Miss BETSEY HUMPHREYS, of the
 former place.

At Elizabeth-town, Mr. JOSEPH CLARK of New-York,
 to Miss SARAH MEERER of that place.

At New-Brunswick, Mr. JOSEPH FORMAN, jun. of
 Middle-town Point, to Miss KATY R. HOLMES of Shew-
 bury.

At Princeton, JOHN MARSDEN PENTARD, Esq.
 late Consul at Madrid, to Miss ELIZA SMITH, daughter
 to the President of Princeton College.

Lately, at Oysterbay, (U. S.) by the Rev. Mr. Coles,
 Mr. CHARLES LATTING, to Miss SARAH FROST; Mr.
 JOHN WEEKS, to Miss SARAH FROST; Mr. ISAAC CO-
 VERT, to Miss ELIZABETH COCK; Mr. JACOB WIL-
 SON, to Miss LYDIA JENNINGS; Mr. JOSEPH R. GERR,
 to Miss FATHER THORNE; Mr. NATHANIEL THORNE,
 to Miss ANN BENNETT; Mr. HENRY THORNE, to Miss
 FREELove MERRITT; Mr. GEORGE BENNETT, to Miss
 SUSAN BENNETT; Mr. WILLIAM NEWMAN, to Miss
 MARY WOOD.

By the Rev. Mr. Earl, Mr. JACOB COCK, to Miss
 NANCY SILKICE.

At the Friends' Meeting, GEORGE VALENTINE, to Ma-
 ry FROST; ISAAC DOWNING, to THEODOSIA VALEN-
 TINE; LEWIS VALENTINE, to JANA POST.

At the same place, Mr. JOSEPH KIRBY, to Miss DOWN-
 ING; Mr. JACOB CASHOW, to Miss DEBORAH LAT-
 TING; Mr. JOHN VAN NOSTRAD, to Miss VAN
 WICKLY.

On Saturday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr.
 JAMES EDMONSTON, a native of Scotland, to Miss SA-
 RAH CHILDS, of this city.

Same evening, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mrs
 JACOB BLACKWELL, to Miss HANNAH E. LAWRENCE,
 daughter of Mr. Thomas Lawrence, merchant, all of this
 city.

Same evening, at St. Mark's Church, in the Bowery, by
 the Rev. Mr. Harris, Col. NICHOLAS FISH, to Miss E.
 STUYVESANT.

At Wexford, on the 19th ult. Mr. PRATER GANDER,
 to Miss SUSANNAH GOOSE.

With joy the groom beholds his favorite goose
 Fast bound and pinion'd in the nuptial noose,
 Prefacing fondly from to fair a mate
 A brood of goslings, cackling in debate.

MORTALITY.

DEATH stalks;--and, from behind the curtain'd shade
 Pours forth his clay-cold hand to chill the bow's;
 Lo! at its touch the fairest blossoms fade,
 And droop, regardless of the piteous show'rs.

DIED.

On Sunday last, MARY COCK, wife of Andrew Cock,
 merchant, aged 32.

On Wednesday last, by a fall from the scaffold of a
 ship, MALCOM M'UEN.

The city clerk reports the death of 28 persons during
 the week ending on the 1st inst.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

MR. MARTIN'S BENEFIT.

On Monday evening, a Comedy, (never performed here,)
 written by C. Cibber, Esq. called,

She Would and She Would Not.

To which will be added, a Farce called,

The Apprentice.

End of the play, A HORNSPIPE, by a young lady.

D. MERSEBAU.

Ladies' Shoe Maker, has removed from No. 166 to No.
 113 Broadway, nearly opposite the City Hotel. May 7.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE MAID WITH ELBOWS BARE.

Let tasteless lovers chaunt their lays,
To please the modest full-dress'd fair;
The task remains for me, to praise
The charming maid with elbows bare.

Her ruddy cheek, her sparkling eyes,
Her coral lips, her jetty hair,
All, all are charms I highly prize,
But not so much as elbows bare.

The unveil'd bosom—neck of snow—
May tempt the ill-bred clown to stare,
But first rate beaux, with diffidence bow
Before the maid with elbows bare.

Some ladies shew the ankle's shape—
A fashion, too, not very rare;
Others expose a pretty nape;
But mine's the maid with elbows bare.

Let her, in that loose flowing robe,
Which flutters and flutters in the air;
Reflect, a heart she ne'er will probe,
Unless she leaves her elbows bare.

When winter storms are drear and cold,
And keenly blow the northern air;
When muffs and furs the limbs enfold,
Still trips my maid with elbows bare.

When Summer's scorching heats prevail,
And veils shut out the Sun's bright glare,
Still, still my maid will never fail
To go with graceful elbows bare.

In winter, summer, fall or spring—
In weather either foul or fair—
In day or night—the charms I sing
Of my sweet maid with elbows bare.

[Balance.]

SONG.

COME fair ROSTRA, come away,
Long since Stern Winter's storms have ceased;
See! Nature, in her best array,
Invites us to her rural feast:
The Swallow shall her treasures spread,
Her mellow Fruits and harvests brown,
Her flowers their richest odors shed,
And every breeze your fragrance down.

At noon we'll seek the wild wood's shade,
And o'er the pathless verdure rove;
Or, near a mossy fountain laid,
Attend the music of the grove;
At eve, the sloping mead invites
Midst lowing herds and flocks to stray;
Each hour shall furnish new delights,
And Love and Joy shall crown the day.

WOMAN.

ERE Eve was made—the father of mankind,
Survey'd his Eden with a pensive mind,
With wand'ring steps the beautiful place explor'd,
And with sad heart his lonely state deplor'd;
Tho' all combin'd to ascertain the fight,
And fruits delicious did the taste invite,
Tho' trees and flowers, with richest odors grow,
And all luxuriant nature could bestow,
He was alone, which did all bliss destroy,
Nor could till WOMAN came, once taste a joy.

ANECDOTES.

A Spanish preacher, speaking upon the temptation of our Saviour by the devil, enthusiastically exclaimed, "but happily for mankind, and fortunately for the Son of God, the lofty tops of the Pyrenees hid the delightful country of Spain from the eyes of the Redeemer, or the temptation had assuredly been too strong for our blessed Lord!"

A simple Hibernian, who was lately bro't before the court to be bound over to his good behavior, was told by the Mayor that he must find security in 500 dollars, for twelve months. "Please your Honor," replied the poor fellow, "I am a bit of a stranger here; and as your Worship is worth the money, and a good man, and well known, I hope the court will have no objection to you, for they know nothing at all of Pat."

A person at Dunkirk lately brought an action against a man for pulling his nose. In addition to the insult, the plaintiff complained that his nose was too long before!

MORALIST.

WHEN I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival-wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died as yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Lately added to M. Nash's Circulating Library, No. 79 Beekman-Street,

The World Displayed, 80 vols. British Classics, 38 do. Senonius's Travels into Upper and Lower Egypt, with portraits, views, plans, antiquities, plants, animals &c. and a elegant map of the country, in one quarto volume, Anacharsis Travels in Greece, 5 vols. the fifth vol. containing maps, plans, views and coins, illustrative of the geography and antiquities of ancient Greece, Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature, 4 vols. history of the London Theatre, 2 vols. Hapless Orphan, 2do, Emma Courtney, 1 do.

TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

To be paid at the time of subscribing, 3 dollars. 50 cents per year, 2 dollars for 6 months, and 1 dol. 25 cents per quarter. N. B. Customers are requested to call in the evening.

Terms of subscription to H. CARITAT's public Libraries.

LITERARY ROOM.

Subscribers, citizens of New-York, or residents in the country, to pay at the time of subscribing, for one year 10 dollars, or 6 dollars for 6 months, &c. They shall be entitled to the privilege of delivering during the whole period, a Ticket of Admission to the said Literary Room to any one stranger, their friend, with the library to extend its continuance to one month for the same person.

Strangers subscribing in their own name, to pay for three months, 4 dollars 50 cents; 3 dols. 50 cents for two months; 2 dols. 75 cts. for one month, and 1 dol. 50 cts. per week.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Subscribers at 8 dollars per year; 4 dols. 75 cts. for six months; 2 dols. 75 cts. for three months, and 1 dollar per month—are entitled to Six Books in Town, or Eight in the Country.

Subscribers at 6 dollars per year; 3 dols. 50 cts. for 6 months; 2 dols. for three months, and 75 cents per month; are entitled to four books in town, or six in the country.

Subscribers at 4 dollars per year; 2 dols. 50 cts. for six months; 1 dol. 25 cts. for three months, and 50 cents per month—are entitled to Two Books at a time.

Non-Subscribers to deposit the value of the Books, and pay per week for each 40, 25 cents—8vo 15 cents—12mo 10 cents—New octavos and books of the value of 4 dollars, per week 50 cents.

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable Lotion
is an effectual cure for

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,
Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Pimple Heat, Scorbatic and cutaneous Eruptions of every description.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, and administered by him for several years in Europe and America with the most unparalleled success. By the simple application of this fluid night and morning, or occasionally twice a day, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurf in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated Cosmetics, without any of their doubtful and sometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trash,

CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven skin its shining appearance, and yellow and sickly paleness, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible.

A small bottle, at 75 cents, will be found sufficient to prove its value.—Price, half pint, 75 cents—Pint, one Dollar 25 cents,
Nov. 27

NEW MILLINERY.

Just received by the Two Friends, Capt. Vose, in London, four cases Elegant Split Straw Hats and Bonnets and are now opened for sale by Mrs. Saunders, No. 1 William-street. NB. Lehigh and other bonnets as usual.
April 9. 54 6w 2

TO LET.

From the first of May till the first of November the residence of the late Mr. James Todd, at New-Um Long Island; the dwelling house is large and convenient with an excellent kitchen furnished with a complete apparatus for cooking, and a perpetual oven heated by same fire, a washing-house, a pump of excellent water, the door, garden, stable, &c. The tenant can be accommodated with a park in the rear of the house sufficient to contain two horses and cows, and a young orchard in bearing consisting of the best peach and apple trees; the orchard laid down in clover and timothy, which will produce sufficiency of cutting grass for the cattle through the year. The place being healthy renders it a very desirable situation for a summer residence; a stage will run past the house every day from Brooklyn to the N. Bath, which will greatly to the convenience of a family wishing to move from the city in the hot season. For particulars enquire of DAVID AUCHINCLOSS, No. 30 Broad-st.

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE RENCH ALMOND PASTE.

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—the article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, Perfumer, No. 8 William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatum, all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Ives, Aftic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Green Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Van Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Friezes, Perfume Caskets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, hand-dressed Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swan-down and Silk Puffs, Pinning and Curling Irons, &c.
Feb. 16.

JAMES ALWAYS,

Windor Chair Maker, informs his friends and the public in general, that he continues to make Windor Chairs at No. 40 James street, where he will thankfully receive every order in the above line. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying chairs when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order. He will paint them green, or any fancy color, at a very low price.
April 2. 53 am.

WANTED,

To hire or to be bound,

A GIRL, 13 or 14 years of age to assist in the work of a family. One of this description, either white or black, producing recommendations, will hear of a situation by applying at this office.

GEORGE YOLE,

PLUMBER AND PAINTER, No. 298 Water-street, between Peck and New-Slip, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business extensively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured equal to any imported. 6-7 Worms for Stills, Candle Moulds, and a general assortment of Pewter Articles.—An Apprentice wanted to the above business.
O2. 16, 29 17

For Sale at JOHN HARRISON's Book and Stationery Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

THE ABBESS.

A Romance,—by W. H. Ireland.

VICAR OF LANSLOWNE,

By REGINA M. ROOME.

ROYAL CAPTIVES,

A FRAGMENT OF SECRET HISTORY.

THE BEGGAR GIRL,

AND HER BENEFACTORS.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

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